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1915





In The Pastures Of The Green

And Other Poems

BY
HENRY M. HOPEWELL



CHICAGO, 1915

PS 3515
0612 I 5
1915

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by
HOWARD D. BERRETT
518 Wrightwood Avenue
Chicago

Published June, 1915

W. F. HALL PRINTING COMPANY, CHICAGO

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JUN 17 1915

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IN THE PASTURES OF THE
GREEN

When the dew is on the meadow
And the turtle dove is seen
And the cattle all are feeding
In the pastures of the green,
When the air is soft and balmy
With the coming of the spring
And the sun is shining brightly
With the growth of every thing,
And the home folk are delighted
For the cleaning has begun
With the airing of the carpets
In the early morning sun,
And the house plants all are taken
To the lawn in open air,
Then the dew is on the meadow
And the turtle dove is seen
And the cattle all are feeding
In the pastures of the green.

IN THE PASTURES OF THE GREEN

When the hill sides all are colored
With the verdure of the spring
And the birds are busy looking
For a place to nest and sing,
When the frogs are quaintly croaking
As they leap about the pool
And the barefoot boy is whistling
As he trudges off to school,
When the apple trees are blooming
With the blossoms pink and red
And the honey bees are searching
For a place to gather bread;
O, there's pleasure in the fragrance
Of the odor in the air,
And the dew is on the meadow
And the turtle dove is seen
And the cattle all are feeding
In the pastures of the green.

When the time has come for outing
And the holidays begin
And the bluebird and the robin
Find a place to nestle in,

IN THE PASTURES OF THE GREEN

When the bumblebee is seeking
For its food in early spring
And the humming bird is chirping
As it flits about on wing,
When the meadow-lark is singing
As it flies about the field
And the farmer is surmising
What the coming crop will yield,
And the clover fields are charming
With the fragrance everywhere,
Then the dew is on the meadow
And the turtle dove is seen
And the cattle all are feeding
In the pastures of the green.

When the breeze is gently wafting
Over meadows sweet to see
And the reaper is preparing
For the harvest yet to be,
When the sparkling water's flowing
Over pebbles in the brook
And the lovers go a strolling
In the shadows of the nook,

IN THE PASTURES OF THE GREEN

When the landscape is a beauty
And the forest scenes are fine
And the day is bright and pleasant
For the use of hook and line,
When the floating clouds above us
Are seen flitting in the sky,
Then the dew is on the meadow
And the turtle dove is seen
And the cattle all are feeding
In the pastures of the green.

BOYHOOD DAYS

'Twas many years ago in a thinly settled
wood

I lived when but a boy in a friendly neigh-
borhood

Down by the river bank, where the land-
scape had a charm—

I've blest the day so oft that I lived upon a
farm.

There many years I dwelt and I strolled
along the streams

And roamed about the woods in a pleasant
day of dreams.

The fishing time would come in the early part
of spring

And with my hook and line I would think
myself a king.

BOYHOOD DAYS

And later in the season I'd fish throughout
the night,
And early in the morning I'd have a feast
in sight.

I'd stroll about the fields in the pleasant summer time
And listen to the birds with their music sweet
and fine.

The work upon the farm was a task I had
to do,
Nor was it ever easy, the country then was
new.

Nor did we have the tools that the farmers
have to-day,
With sickle and with scythe we would always cut the hay.

And when the corn was planted, with hands
we'd drop the seeds
And with the single shovel would keep it
clear of weeds.

BOYHOOD DAYS

The woods were full of berries, we'd gather
them to can,

In early days of living we always had to plan.

When summer time had gone and the autumn
would appear

'Twas fun to gather nuts when the leaves
were brown and sear.

The hickory nuts were many, great quantities
were found,

They'd fallen from the trees and lay scat-
tered on the ground.

And hazel nuts were gathered when first the
frost had come,

The husks would quickly wither, we'd hull
them one by one.

In winter time I'd hunt where the rabbits
come and go,

I'd chase them through the woods and shoot
them in the snow.

BOYHOOD DAYS

I had a yoke of calves, and I'd hitch them
to a sleigh,
I'd take the girls out riding upon a wintry
day.

The sport was fine as could be, the girls
would always go,
I seldom ever went but I spilled them in the
snow.

I went to school in winter a portion of the
time,
I'd stay away to work when the weather
would be fine.

The house was built of logs in the good old-
fashioned way,
The boys would gather fuel to warm it
through the day.

I made my bow and arrows, I'd shoot at
birds on wing,
But ne'er do I remember of hitting anything.

BOYHOOD DAYS

I made my little wagon and things with which
to play,
None other was more happy, nor any one
to-day.

My mother carded wool and she spun it into
thread,
She dyed it with the colors of black and blue
and red;

She wove it into cloth in the summer time
and fall,
And made it into garments for children of
us all.

She'd knit our socks and mits in the evening
by the fire,
She'd all the work she cared for or woman
should desire.

The house work then was simple and car-
pets were but few,
I also think that living was simple, good and
true.

BOYHOOD DAYS

Down by the river bank where the land-
scape had a charm,
I've blest the day so oft that I lived upon
a farm.

THE DAYS THAT ARE FLEETING

The days that are fleeting for man on the
earth

Give pleasure and sorrow from time of his
birth;

He lives and he hopes, though a care and a
slave

From childhood through life till he reaches
the grave.

The high and the low, and the base and the
just,

Together they lie where they molder in dust;

The youth in his strength and the prime of
his day

Has joined in the throng that are sleeping
in clay.

The mother that suckled the babe at her
breast

THE DAYS THAT ARE FLEETING

And taught to her children the ways of the
blest

Has fallen asleep in the arms of her God
And taken her place in the dust of the sod.

The father who's striven with patience and
will

To care for the mother and children, is still;
He's gone to his rest and his spirit has fled,
He sleeps in the grave with the numberless
dead.

The rich and the poor and the young and
the old

Have gone to their sleep where they lie in
the fold.

There are millions of souls that have gone
on their way

To lands that are thought to be brighter than
day.

So man was created and placed on the earth,
With care and with burden soon after his
birth;

THE DAYS THAT ARE FLEETING

He lives and he hopes, though a care and a
slave
From time of his birth till he lies in the
grave.

CARRY ME BACK

Carry me back to the scenes of my childhood,
Carry me back to my home when a boy;
There just to roam in the dense of the wild-
wood,
There to live over the days of my joy.

Thoughts of my childhood about me still
flowing,
Vivid impressions grow stronger with
time;
Live as I may in the years that are going,
Fond recollections will always be mine.

Give me the hopes of my youth that were
glowing,
Take me away from the turmoil and strife;
Carry me back again just to be growing
Fondly surmising the fruits of a life.

CARRY ME BACK

Resting, O resting, serenely reclining,
Viewing the world with the least bit of
care,
Pleasantly dreaming, the future divining,
While I would sit in the old rocking chair.

Give me, O give me, my youth to live over!
Back to my childhood allow me to fly!
When in the fields I would roam through the
clover,
Chasing the butterfly into the sky.

Give me, O give me, the sweetness of slum-
ber!
Cuddled and tucked away snugly in bed;
Mother's caresses I never could number,
Countless were they on my wee sleepy
head.

Carry me back to my childhood's adorning,
Carry me back to my youth and my play;
Carry me back to my life's early morning,
Carry me back and allow me to stay.

THE WHITE MULE

I thought the world peculiar, when I taught
the country school,
The boys and girls were brawny, and the
flogging was the rule.

I had a mule I'd ride to school, 'twas white as
driven snow,
'Twas down in old Missouri, in the days of
long ago.

He had a reputation, known throughout the
neighborhood,
He'd never kick nor worry me, was always
kind and good.

The children climbed upon his back, and
they would stroke his curls,
He was a country favorite with all the boys
and girls.

THE WHITE MULE

This mule would always take me seven miles
and back each day;

I lived at home with mother and I had no
board to pay.

Each morning at the break of day, while
stars were yet aglow,

I'd mount the old white mule, and on the
road to school I'd go.

'Twas customary then, along about the
Christmas time,

For schools to lock the teacher out, and make
him treat them fine

To feast of fruit and candy, ere the door
should ope again;

'Twas down in old Missouri, in the winter
time and rain.

Three days they kept me out, and in the damp
and chilly air,

The old white mule stayed by me, took me
home and back with care.

THE WHITE MULE

The third day in the morning, when I rode
up to the door,
'Twas opened wide before me, mid a whoop
and wild uproar.

They all came out to greet me, with a noose
at end of rope;
They tried to lariat me, and to take me down
the slope

To stream of sparkling water, there to duck
me in the pool.

The old white mule, a friend of mine, then
took me from the school.

He seemed to know the reason, for he looked
up to the sky,

He pricked his ears and raised his head, and
took me on the fly.

He took me down the road; at end of lane
and timber street,

Looked back to view the scene, then started
on in full retreat.

THE WHITE MULE

We went so fast my hat dropped off, nor did
I stop for it,
We kept on going o'er the bumps, as fast as
we could hit.

Cy McElvane was with me, and a bodyguard
was he,
He rode a fine bay mare along, beside the
mule with me.

He was a bold and stalwart man, he'd "lick
them all" he said,
But when the boys came after me, he rode
away instead.

Next morning I was back, and everything
was pleasant now,
The board had taken up the deal, and settled
all the row.

The school was fine from that time on, I
never saw the beat!
Upon the last day of the school, I gave them
all a treat.

THE WHITE MULE

The old white mule had saved the day, for
he was true and bold,
I never should have sold him, for his total
weight in gold.

FRIENDS

The friends that are true and steadfast, that
stand the test through life,
Are those that are made in youth's time, ere
come the days of strife.

The friendships and acquaintances thus form
a lasting tie,
They're kindled with the flames of love that
never, never die.

The memories of childhood's days that lin-
ger for all time
Are dearest of all memories, though sum-
mit's height we climb.

The time allotted us on earth in this short
span of life
Is fraught with hardships for us here in all
our earthly strife.

FRIENDS

But friends we need and friends we'll have
if we will strive and plan
To lighten cares of all who live, and help our
fellow man.

WHEN THE SUMMER TIME IS OVER

When the frost is on the meadow
And the leaves begin to rattle,
And the corn is in the crib
To feed the sheep and cattle;
When you feel the cooling breeze
That breaks the summer's drouth,
And watch the flight of birds
As they journey to the South,
And when the moaning winds
Around your home place sigh,
And your fuel bin is full
To keep you warm and dry,
It's then a fellow 'prec'ates
The long hard summer's work;
When the frost is on the meadow
And the leaves begin to rattle,
And the corn is in the crib
To feed the sheep and cattle.

WHEN THE SUMMER TIME IS OVER

When the wheat is cut and threshed,
And the bins are full of grain,
And the plowing all is over,
And the seeding done again,
When the apples all are picked
And potatoes, too, are dug,
And the other garden truck
Is stowed away all snug;
When the boys and girls go nutting,
And they gather from the trees
A supply of goodly picking
For their winter evening bees;
When the baseball season's over
And the football takes its place,
Then the frost is on the meadow,
And the leaves begin to rattle,
And the corn is in the crib
To feed the sheep and cattle.

When the landscape all is colored
With hues of brown and yellow,
And the squirrel snugly stores
His rations in his cellar,

WHEN THE SUMMER TIME IS OVER

And the dry and husky leaves
Have fallen thick in heaps,
And the swine all follow quickly
For a place to lie and sleep;
And the hauling all is done,
And the mow is full of hay,
And when the stock is sheltered
From a cold and stormy day;
Oh! it's then you feel secure
In your cozy, happy home,
When the frost is on the meadow
And the leaves begin to rattle
And the corn is in the crib
To feed the sheep and cattle.

The atmosphere is bracing
As you sniff the morning air,
For the torrid summer's over
With rejoicing everywhere;
We miss the summer dews
And the music of the bees,
And the singing of the birds
As they fly among the trees,

WHEN THE SUMMER TIME IS OVER

But the air is cool and crisp
And your step is quick and spry,
And you feel like being thankful
For the good things all laid by.
Yes, the summer time is over
And the winter's coming on,
When the frost is on the meadow
And the leaves begin to rattle,
And the corn is in the crib
To feed the sheep and cattle.

WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL

There is sadness in the forest
When the leaves begin to fall;
There is sadness in the music
When the winds begin to call;
And it's rustle and it's bustle
And it's hustle all the time,
For the trees have shed their clothing
And the fall is on decline;
And the trees are seeming lonely
From the losing of their green,
And the winds are moaning weirdly
As they whistle by unseen;
And the squirrels pranks are playing
As they skip from tree to tree,
And they chatter and they clatter
As they crack their nuts in glee;
And the air is cool and bracing
In the early morning dawn,

WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL

With the sparkle of the crystal
Of the frost upon the lawn;
And the roads are strewn with teaming
In the hauling of the grain,
And the farmer is rejoicing
In his flowing wealth and gain.
There's a sadness in the forest,
For the winter time is near,
And the snowing and the blowing
And the freezing will be here.
Let us then prepare for winter
While the weather's good and fine;
For the trees have shed their clothing
And the fall is on decline.

WINTER TIME

When the wind is fiercely blowing
 Hard against your window pane,
And you sit inside and listen
 To the spatter of the rain;
When the pasture fields are hidden
 From their wonted coats of green,
And the stock is sheltered warmly
 From the blast and stormy scene;
When the day is cold and dreary
 And the clouds are hanging low,
And the ground with white is covered
 With the crystal flakes of snow;
When the boys and girls are coasting
 Down the sloping of the side,
With their glee and joyful shouting
 As they onward rush and glide;
When the streams and lakes are frozen
 And the ice is thick and fine,
And the boys and girls are skating
 And they have a jolly time;

WINTER TIME

When the winter storms are raging
And they howl and rave and roar,
And the blizzard winds are striving
Hard to enter at your door;
When you sit with wife and children
In your home that's warm and neat,
And you gather at the table
Where you talk and jest and eat;
O it's then you're feeling grateful
To the God who reigns above,
For the good and many blessings
In the home you dearly love;
And it's then you've peaceful slumber,
You are safe from winter's harm;
Let it snow and rain and thunder,
Winter's storms have no alarm.
In your cozy home of plenty
You are happy and content,
For you worked in clement weather
And no idle moments spent.
None should envy, or begrudge you
All your wealth and honest gain,
For you worked in clement weather
And lay by in storm and rain.

LEAVES

'Tis autumn of year and the leaves have all
fallen,

For days they've been flitting and going
astray;

They rustle and hurry, in open they scurry,
And bustle and sputter and flutter away.

They drift into corners and lie in the hol-
lows,

They're red and they're yellow and orange
and brown;

They lie all around and they gather and
scatter,

And cover the lawn like feathery down.

The leaves are all drifting and shifting and
sifting—

How sadly they sing for a day and a day!
They lie in the damp and in snows of the
winter;

In heat of the sun of the spring they decay.

WORK

It's not what you have done, my brother,
Nor what you are going to do;
It's what you are doing now, brother,
That counts in the struggle for you.

It's the will and the grit, young fellow,
It's work that is honestly done
That the world to-day is in need of,
So hump yourself to it, my son.

If you'd win in the game, my brother,
When others about you would fail,
Then to-day start in on your journey
And go straight ahead on the trail.

It is now you should start, my brother,
And do what you can on the way;
There is plenty of work, my brother,
And workers are needed to-day.

WORK

There's no room in the world for idlers,
There's room at the top if you work;
There's no room on the round for others,
No room in the world for the shirk.

Are you waiting for something, brother,
A job that is easy to do?
If you're waiting for this, my brother,
'Twill be a long waiting for you.

There is only one way, my brother,
There's only one road I should guess;
It's the road where you toil, my brother,
The only one road to success.

There's a field that is open, brother,
The one that is calling for you;
There is room at the top, my brother,
Go climbing and prove it is true.

JENNIE, THE BRAVE

The night was dark and foreboding,
The stars were hidden from sight;
With roar and rumble of thunder
Came flash of lightning that night.

'Twas Jennie Smith and her mother,
Who lived alone in the glen,
Their cottage faced on the river,
For years 'twas shelter for them.

A rain was falling in torrents,
A cloud had burst in the sky;
The stream was fearfully swollen,
The bridge was reeling near by.

When, in a moment stood Jennie,
With lantern swung at her side;
The train that soon would be coming
Was doomed to go with the tide.

JENNIE, THE BRAVE

She sprang and quickly was scaling
In dark and storm of the night;
On hands and knees she was crawling,
The lantern, only, her light.

Thus she, undaunted and conscious,
And with a sigh and a tear,
Had nerved herself for the effort,
For all depended on her.

To save the lives of the people,
Her only thought at the time,
And thinking not of her danger,
She reached the end of her climb.

With ear at rail she would listen,
For those aboard she must save;
So, like a deer that was fleeing,
She sped, and signal she gave.

She swung the light of the lantern
Across the track as she'd wave;
The engineer at the throttle
Slowed down for Jennie, the brave.

JENNIE, THE BRAVE

She saved from wreck most appalling,
That night in storm and the rain,
All those who'd taken their passage
On board the fast moving train.

A purse was raised for the brave one,
She spurned the gold as her right,
For she'd done nothing to warrant
A gift from people that night.

But all she cared for and wanted,
Appreciation she'd won;
She'd saved the lives of the people—
Her duty, only, she'd done.

THE WISE MOUSE

One morning in June,
The fourth, I should say,
To canyon we went
To fish for the day.
A warehouse was found,
'Twas dirty as sin,
Permission had we
To enter therein.
The party, composed
Of Reeves and his frau,
Two daughters and son
And I, with a vow
Determined to fish
For trout in the stream;
We made a good catch
That day it would seem.
A dozen or more
I fried of the fish;
'Tis useless to say
We relished the dish.

THE WISE MOUSE

Our table was made
Of boxes and brick;
We ate and we ate
With fingers and stick.
While eating there came
A snake and a mouse,
And racing were they
Across the warehouse.
The snake tried to catch
The mouse at a dash;
Across the warehouse
It ran like a flash.
The studding was reached,
And fast as it could
The mouse scampered up
This studding of wood.
The snake on its trail
Discovered the mouse
Was planning to reach
The top of the house.
So, climbing it went
Above the main door,
When suddenly fell
The mouse to the floor.

THE WISE MOUSE

It lay on its back
And seemingly said,
“Now, just pass me up,
I’m perfectly dead.”
The snake came again
And saw the mouse lay
A-flat of its back,
So, passed on its way.
A snake will not eat
A thing that is dead,
It must be alive
And moving instead.
All this was a sham
On part of the mouse;
The snake shambled off
To end of the house.
No sooner than done,
No sooner than said,
The mouse ran away
And scampered to bed.

IN THE RANGES OF THE WEST

Where the sunlit sky is azure
In the ranges of the West,
And the air is crisp and bracing
In the shadows of the crest;
Where the bold and sturdy mountains
With their snowy caps are seen,
And their sloping sides are swollen
With the grandeur of the green,
And the cataracts are splashing
Over boulders on their way,
Mid the sighing of the forest
With its greetings of a lay;
Where the earth is thickly covered
With the moss that's grown for years,
And there's seeping and there's weeping
From its grime and slimy tears;
Where the rocks are simply dangling
From the cliff that bends above,
And the eagles there are soaring
To protect their young and love;

IN THE RANGES OF THE WEST

Where the bears, both black and grizzly,
In a sullen, angry mood,
Noted as they are for shyness,
Venture forth in search of food;
Where the mountain goats are climbing
Up the rocky cliff and steep,
And are searching for their feeding
As they skip and jump and leap;
Where the waters go a-plunging
In their madness and their roar
Through the dark and narrow passes,
Plunging there forever more;
Mid their turbulence and wending,
Wild with ecstasy and glee,
Always sparkling and descending,
Rushing onward to the sea;
This is where I stroll and ramble,
Drinking in the mountain air;
And I eat and sleep and wander
In the beauty everywhere.

FELLOWSHIP WITH NATURE

The flowers, the trees, the leaves, the rocks,
the lake,

The ocean, flowing stream, the waterfall,
The brook, the beasts of field, the fowls of
air,

All speak to man in tones of fellowship
And love; and thoughts sublime are brought
forth where

All nature holds communion with mankind.
Man need not lonely be where nature speaks
To him of beauties in the forest haunts.
The highest type of thought there is in man,
Comes forth, resplendent, from the hill and
dale,

As, when in full companionship he talks
And there communes with woods and stones
and streams;

Hears birds that sing, sees squirrels gambol in
The trees, and chipmunks dart to their abodes;

FELLOWSHIP WITH NATURE

And breathes, inhales the sweet perfumes of
woods.

The sky, the setting sun, the air we breathe,
The changing seasons all give evidence
To man of plan divine in nature's work.
Through space, illimitable, infinite,
The stars and sun give light by night and day
For man to glorify the works of Him
Who gave the world and clothed with beauty it
For habitation, all for his delight.
Rejoice, then, live obedient to Him,
And blest is he who heeds His wondrous plan.

NATURE'S WONDER SCENES

The road winds down a gulch in a zigzag on
its way,
It leads through forest wilds where the rip-
pling waters play.

The tumbling, rumbling, plunging and leaping
waterway
Comes splashing down the stream in a mist
of foaming spray.

The whirlpool and the boulder lie 'neath the
sunlight's gleam,
The jagged rocks are bending above the
swirling stream.

The waterfall's a wonder, it sparkles in the
air,
It's pouring o'er the prec'pice in mystic beauty
rare.

NATURE'S WONDER SCENES

There are glaciers in the Cascades and snow
peaks in the sky,
There are lakes of cold blue water upon the
mountains high.

In mountains of the Selkirks are wondrous
fields of snow,
They feed the raging streams in their onward
rush and flow.

The glacier fields are wonders, from them the
waters run,
For aeons they have tarried beneath the glare
of sun.

The Southland has its canyon, the Colorado's
Grand,
"Twould seem that it had opened to swallow
up the land.

With scenic walls of grandeur and the raging
water flow
The Colorado's winding six thousand feet
below.

NATURE'S WONDER SCENES

I stand upon the brink of the greatest wonder
scene

And view, in admiration, the picture on the
screen.

The terraced walls of splendor, in crimson,
pink and gray,
Two hundred miles are gleaming along the
waterway.

The Yellowstone's a wonder with nature's
pleasing thrills,
There are rugged scenes of grandeur mid
God's eternal hills.

The geysers play to hundreds of tourists
through the day,
They spout in all their splendor with gleaming
beauty spray.

The world should know the grandeur of rug-
ged mountain wilds,
For 'tis the place where heaven, with nature,
ever smiles.

NATURE'S WONDER SCENES

Then would I urge the toiler, the weary and
the worn
To bask in wonder scenes, ere they pass unto
their bourn.

THINGS YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

Have you ever seen the splendor
Of the rising of the sun
And the gleaming and the beaming
When the morning has begun?

Have you ever seen the woodland
When the snows begin to fall
And the white flakes gather gently
Over woods and hills and all?

Have you ever chased the rabbits
Where the snows have fallen deep
O'er the hills and in the hollows,
Round them up like flocks of sheep?

Have you ever stopped to listen
To a hooting owl, with fright,
Saying, "Who, who, who, who are you
Out so late this dreary night?"

THINGS YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

Have you ever gone a-fishing
On a bright and sunny day
Up into the rugged mountains
Where the rippling waters play?

Have you ever seen the ocean
With its great and swelling crest
And the ships of commerce floating
From the East and from the West?

Have you ever seen the grandeur
Of the setting of the sun
When the streams of light are golden
And the work of day is done?

If you never have been seeing
Things like these throughout your life
Then you've missed the half of living
In this busy world of strife.

CLIMBING

I've been climbing up the mountain,
And its peaks are wondrous high;
I've been climbing up its pathway,
Climbing up into the sky.

Up and up the mountain higher,
Step by step I wend my way;
I have reached unto the summit,
Where I ramble all the day.

Up above the clouds I'm strolling,
Where the sun is bright and fair,
And the rain below is sending
Freshness through the mountain air.

Up above the forest limit
Rocks are steeples in the sky,
High and higher I have rambled,
Where the eagles never fly.

CLIMBING

Standing, now, upon the summit,
 'Midst the handiwork of God,
Awe-inspiring is the stillness
 On the height that I have trod.

Still admiring, still divining,
 Can there be a thing more grand
Than the mountain scene I'm viewing
 From the summit where I stand?

THE COLUMBIA

A thousand miles through gorge and plain
The mighty boulders stand,
They check Columbia's wild career
While flowing swift and grand.

From glaciers in the northern clime,
From melting snow peaks grand,
Come waters roaring on their way
Along Columbia's strand.

The dancing, prancing, sparkling flow
Within the sunlight's gleam,
Is playing to the forest scenes
Adown the mountain stream.

The waters flow so swift and great
Through mountain glade and lea,
They pass along Columbia's strand
While moving to the sea.

THE COLUMBIA

The plunging, tumbling, foaming stream
Goes winding through the land,
Forever wending on its way
Along Columbia's strand.

All hail Columbia's mighty flow
From mountain peak and grand,
It leaps and flows and pours and roars
Along the shifting sand.

Down by the sea it empties wide,
It heaves a bar of sand,
It pours into the deep blue sea
From off Columbia's strand.

GRANDFATHER'S FARM

My grandfather's farm in the valley,
It lies by the little old stream;
The spring from the hill is still flowing,
And sparkles in sun and the gleam.

My grandfather's farm in the woodland,
O many's the time there in June,
O'er hills and the hollows and meadows,
I've wandered along the Raccoon.

'Twas there in my childhood I wandered,
In fancy I roam through the scene;
I roam in the midst of the wildwood,
In fields that are fragrant and green.

I'd stroll in the shade of the orchard,
I'd stroll, when a child in my dream,
Along where the bees gathered honey
In meadows near by the old stream.

GRANDFATHER'S FARM

My grandfather's farm in the valley,
How oft have I romped there in glee;
The grass, the clover, the orchard,
Were ever so charming to me.

The beech tree, the sugar, the willow
Are part of my life's early charm;
They carry me back to my childhood
When grandfather lived on the farm.

My grandfather's gone from the valley,
There never again will he tread;
My grandfather's gone now forever;
He sleeps in the vale of the dead.

EARLY SCENES

Among the recollections
That oft I now recall
The early scenes of childhood
Are dearest of them all.
There was a dear old playground
Near by my boyhood home,
'Twas in a grand old forest
Where oft within I'd roam.

The spring time seemed the fairest
When leaves were forming new
Throughout the dear old forest
With sunbeams peeping through.
The playful, dancing sunbeams,
I've watched them by the hour
While playing on the bluegrass
Beneath the leafy bower.

'Twas there that squirrels builded
Their nests high in the trees

EARLY SCENES

Within the leafy branches
That wafted to the breeze.
'Twas there the birds sang sweetest
In spring time of the year,
And in the leaves they nestled
Without molest or fear.

The odor from the plant life
Would scent the woodland scene,
The dearest haunts of youth time
Were in the forest green.
The forest scenes are brightest,
The brightest I recall—
Of early scenes of childhood
They're dearest of them all.

I'VE BEEN THINKING

I've been thinking of the spring time
When the sky is clear and blue,
And of strolling on the hillside
When I've nothing else to do.

I've been thinking of the spring time
When the world is bright and fair,
Of the budding of the plant life
With its beauty everywhere.

I've been thinking of the sunshine
And the blade of grass that grows,
Of the coming of the showers
And the blooming of the rose.

I've been thinking of the open
Where the pasture fields are green,
And the bluebells are in blossom
And the violets are seen.

I'VE BEEN THINKING

I've been thinking of the country
Where the winding roads are fine,
And the strolling is delightful
In the spring and summer time.

I've been thinking of the country,
Of the land the farmer tills,
And the lowing of the cattle
That are feeding on the hills.

I've been thinking of an outing,
Just to lounge about awhile
Where the greeting is informal
And I'm welcomed with a smile.

I've been thinking of the country,
Of the farmer and his wife,
Where they live and rear their children
In the frugal ways of life.

I've been thinking, simply thinking,
Of the way the farmers live,
And the blessings that await them
For the labor that they give.

I'VE BEEN THINKING

I've been thinking, simply thinking,
That the simple life is best
When I stroll about the country,
Strolling, simply as a guest.

ECHOES OF SPRINGTIME

Over the woodland dense and wild,
Over the hill tops bold,
Through the lowland and the dale
Charms of the woods are told.

Over the landscape bright and fair,
Over the verdure green,
With the sunshine and the rain
Signs of the spring are seen.

Over the glare of mountain top,
Under the heat of sun,
From the melting of the snow
Streams through the gorges run.

Down in the chasms dark and deep,
Over the rocks below,
Plunging through the narrow pass
Onward the waters flow.

ECHOES OF SPRINGTIME

Splashing and foaming as they go,
 Silvery sparkles gleam,
Playing in the bracing air
 Over the frothing stream.

Over the meadows sweet and clean,
 Skipping about in May,
Lambs are playing on the green
 All of the balmy day.

Out by the gently flowing stream,
 Out with the line and pole,
Barefoot lads are on their way
 Down to the fishing hole.

Under the spreading maple bough
 Where there is rest for me,
I am lounging in the breeze
 Under the leafy tree.

THE PICNIC

Down beneath the willow tree
On the velvet carpet green
Where the rippling waters flow
Boys and girls are seen,

On a clean and grassy plot
In the shade for you and me
Tablecloths are spread about
Underneath the tree.

Laden well with food to eat
With the best there is around,
Gather we at noonday lunch
Seated on the ground.

There we eat most heartily
In the shade of willow tree;
In the balmy air perfume
Eat we joyfully.

THE PICNIC

On the glassy lake so fine
In the boats we row and glide,
Singing as we come and go
On its bosom wide.

Up within the tree top tall
Where the birds are wont to sing,
There they skip from bough to bough
Happy in the spring.

Where the tender grass is grown
And the dew is gathering
We are lounging on the green
In the early spring.

THE DEW

The dew, the dew, the beautiful dew,
It comes at the close of the day;
Refreshing, gives vigor and life
To plants that wither away.

The dew, the dew, the beautiful dew,
It gathers so gentle and sweet;
It sparkles and glitters and smiles,
Retards and tempers the heat.

All radiant the sun in the eve,
The sky in the morning is blue;
The flowers that ope in the night,
In morning, glisten with dew.

The dew, the dew, the heavenly dew,
It comes in the stillness of night;
It touches and tenderly soothes,
Until the breaking of light.

MOTHER

MOTHER

Are you weeping now, my mother?
Have I disappointed you?
I have often heard you praying
That I might be good and true.

I have wandered far, dear mother,
From the straight and narrow way;
Yet, I'm thinking always of you
And the way you'd often pray.

I have traveled far, dear mother,
I have sailed the wintry sea;
And the world is hard and cruel,
It has often seemed to me.

I could ne'er forget you, mother,
Though I wandered far away,
And the blessings that you gave me
Seemed to follow day by day.

MOTHER

Would I were as you would have me,
Pure as gold and true as steel,
For I know that you are praying
As you did when I would kneel.

I remember when you taught me
In my little trundle bed,
How to ask to be forgiven
For the things that I had said.

I remember that you told me
God was good and ever near,
That He'd promised all the children
If they prayed that He would hear.

Do not weep for me, dear mother,
Let me see your smile, instead,
As I did when I was near you
In my little trundle bed.

LOVE

I love to sit by the flowing stream
And watch the leaves go by;
I love to see the fleeting clouds
As they flit across the sky.
I love to sit by the flowing stream,
Beneath the willow tree,
And listen to the birds that sing
As they fly about in glee.

I love to stand on the mountain top
Amid the snowy peaks,
And listen to the wondrous voice
Of the living God that speaks.
I love to stroll up the mountain side
And watch the sunlight's gleam;
I love the dear old hill and dale
As I do the flowing stream.

I love to sit by the garden gate
And watch the bud that grows,

LOVE

I love to view the garden scene
Where I scent the blooming rose.
I love to sit by the cradle side
And watch the babe that sleeps,
I love to watch the mother's love
And the one who loves and weeps.

I love to sit by the surging sea
Where breakers come and go,
I love to watch the swelling crest
Where the tide doth ebb and flow.
I love to think of the love that's true
And fresh as morning dew;
I love to think that God is love
And the love that's always true.

SPEAK KINDLY

Why should you speak unkindly
Of foes, or any one?
Why should you judge your fellows
For things they've never done?
Speak only good of others
When speaking to a friend;
You may not be much better
Than gossip that you send.

The world is full of beauty,
You need not see the bad;
Just hold your tongue, my brother,
And don't make others sad.
The words that you have spoken,
Though even in a jest,
May pierce the heart, in sorrow,
Until the final rest.

Speak gently, kindly, brother,
Of all of whom you speak;

SPEAK KINDLY

The world will be the brighter
And you will help the weak.
But those who always gossip,
Misfortune will befall—
The unkind words they've spoken,
They never can recall.

You cannot know the reason
Why many things are done;
So, do not speak unkindly
Of foes, or any one.
Do what you can, my brother,
With heart that's kind and true,
And others will be grateful
For things you've tried to do.

GOOD BYE

I take my leave for distant land,
Good bye, old friend, good bye;
I've lived beside you many years,
Good bye, old friend, good bye.

I've had your help in many ways,
I've struggled by your side,
Enjoyed your friendship good and true,
While you and I have tried.

I've seen the land wherein we live,
The wealth that it has brought
To you and me through all these years
That we have lived and wrought.

Our friendship ne'er has been denied,
I count my friends my worth;
'Tis better, far, to have our friends
Than all the wealth of earth.

GOOD BYE

My neighbors, kind and true have been,
And grateful should I be
For all the blessings I've received
While living here with thee.

The greatest sin in this old world,
Ingratitude, I deem,
And should I leave without regret
Ungrateful would it seem.

I take my leave for distant land,
Good bye, old friend, good bye;
I've lived beside you many years,
Good bye, old friend, good bye.

BILL WATKINS

Bill Watkins is an optimist,
As every one can see,
He's sober and industrious
And cheerful as can be.

He sees the good and not the bad,
In everything that goes;
He says this world is good enough
For any one he knows.

He goes about his work with will,
And doesn't shirk a bit,
And what his neighbors have to say
He doesn't care a whit.

He bought a piece of land one day,
With title good and clear,
Agreed to pay upon the tract
A goodly sum each year.

BILL WATKINS

He built a house upon this land
And worked and tugged along;
His neighbors said and said again
It wasn't worth a song.

He went to work and plowed the land,
With horses all his own,
He planted corn and other truck
And then a crop was grown.

The neighbors now did all agree
That he was one of few;
They merely changed their gossiping
And said that he would do.

He was, indeed, a thrifty man,
Because he made things go;
Nothing at all went wrong with him
When the price of grain was low.

Bill was a man, a manly man,
He'd never fret nor stew,
He'd pleasure and encouragement
In everything he'd do.

BILL WATKINS

He made himself a useful man
In doing what he could,
To help along the church and school
In all the neighborhood.

His task was hard 'most all the time,
But strong in mind and health,
He loved his work and went ahead
And added to his wealth.

And when he'd gathered all the wealth
That any one should want,
He started out around the world
Upon a little jaunt.

He went aboard the greatest ship
That sailed for foreign shores,
He sat around upon the deck
And chatted with the bores.

Far out upon the wintry sea
His wife began to cry,
"A storm is hard upon us now,
The waves are rolling high.

BILL WATKINS

“My head is swaying to and fro,
My heart is beating quick,
For everything is coming up
And I am feeling sick.”

And fierce and strong still swept the gale
With all its might and main;
Bill only shouted to his wife,
“We’ll soon be home again.”

“Fear not, my dear, fear not,” said he,
“It’s just a little breeze;
The ship’s as strong and safe a one
As ever sailed the seas.”

“If I get out of this,” she cried,
“And reach my little home,
I’ll never go again to sail
Upon the briny foam.”

Then down upon her knees she went
And wept most bitter tears;
She prayed the Lord to save her from
The worst of all her fears.

“Oh! should I die upon this ship
And fall asleep in Thee,
Cast Thou me not to angry waves
That roll upon the sea.”

“O no! my dear, O no!” said Bill,
“If such a thing should be,
I’ll take you to our little home
And place you ’neath a tree.”

And Bill was now a favorite
With all the folks he knew;
He’d been around this big, old world
And learned a thing or two.

He visited Jerusalem
Where Christ was crucified,
He followed up the river Nile
And saw that land of pride.

He touched upon the coast en route
Along the southern sea,
Exploring everything in sight
From Rome to Galilee.

BILL WATKINS

He visited the frigid zone
Where dwell the Eskimo;
He saw the land of midnight sun
With all its ice and snow.

He sailed again the wintry sea
Across the swelling foam,
Returning to America,
His native land and home.

He's back upon his little farm
As happy as you please,
He's telling stories of his trip
And taking life at ease.

MEMORIES

Tenderly strewn are the flowers that are
grown

Over the graves of the dear ones we've
known;

Silent they lie in the vale of the dead,
Hallowing ground that we wantonly tread.
Father and mother have crossed o'er the bar,
Entered have they where the gates stand ajar;
Sadly we miss them, as thoughts we recall
Forever that hang on memory's wall.

Brother and sister have passed o'er the way,
Leaving, O leaving, forever to stay;
Silent we weep, growing older in years
Over our loss we have watered with tears.
List to the voice of the fast-fading year
And of our youth that will soon disappear;
List to the voice that is dearest of all,
Enchanted and hung on memory's wall.

MEMORIES

Sleeping, yes, sleeping, there under the sky,
Young and the old, where they quietly lie;
Sleeping and sleeping, forever they sleep,
Under the green that we faithfully keep.
Blossoms have faded from youth and our glee,
Flowers no longer are blooming for me;
Flowers that bloom in the summer and fall,
Reminding, they hang on memory's wall.

I'VE BEEN TO SEE THE OLD HOME PLACE

I've been to see the old home place, I longed
to see once more ;

I wandered o'er the hill and dale I'd wandered
o'er before.

- The scenes were not at all the same, the scenes
upon the farm,

The buildings all had been removed where
stood the house and barn.

New buildings had replaced the old, as fine as
seldom seen ;

'Twas not the same old home to me, the home
upon the green.

The orchard was depleted some, the apples
were but few,

From off the place they'd disappeared, the
plums and cherries, too.

I'VE BEEN TO SEE THE OLD HOME PLACE

The forest scenes were not the same, they
looked so queer to me,

The woodman's ax had done its work and
scarcely left a tree.

The worm-rail fence could not be found, the
fence that used to be,

The woven wire was there instead that
stretched across the lea.

The same old posts were in the ground, the
posts of years ago,

From which the gate had always hung
a-swinging to and fro.

The spring was there beside the hill, the water,
just as cold

As when I drank the sparkling draught in
former days of old.

One place there was, most dear to me, that
was the fishing hole;

I often went on Sunday there with hook and
line and pole.

The mill that stood nearby the stream looked
just the same to me

I'VE BEEN TO SEE THE OLD HOME PLACE

As when I took the grist to grind in youth so
blithe and free.

The swimming hole I visited, 'twas 'neath the
willow tree,

No change at all had taken place so far as I
could see.

Those days were fine old days for me, I was
a barefoot boy;

I'd run and romp and climb and play in end-
less ways of joy.

I'd drive the cows beyond the hills, the place
for them to graze,

I'd go for them at eventide through all the
summer days.

We didn't have the auto then, the travel was
more sane;

We never dreamed there'd ever be the deadly
aeroplane.

These days are not the days of old, they're
classed as great and grand;

New-fangled ways of doing things I can't
quite understand.

THE SEASONS

Grass is growing in the spring time,
Beasts are feeding o'er the way;
Lowling herds are wending slowly
From their moorings of the day.

Streams are flowing through the forest,
Birds are singing here and there;
Breezes soft are gently wafting
Sweet with music everywhere.

Woful heat comes in the summer,
Vegetation grows for all;
We are reaping, we are storing
Through the heat and through the fall.

In the autumn comes a sadness,
Leaves are falling from the tree;
It was willed by the Creator,
Thus it was, 'twill always be.

THE SEASONS

Hoary frost comes in the winter,
Wintry blasts blow fierce and fast;
Hearth stones, warm, are ever glowing
Till the winter storms are past.

Autumn, winter, spring and summer,
Come and go as years go by;
And with blessings they are calling
For us all to live and try.

MAN'S DESTINY

The One who tempers winds and stills the
waves

And watches over every living thing,
The ruler of the universe, leaves man
To shape his destiny, conform to the
Divine laws and rejoice in all His works.
To man is given right divine to live,
To choose between the right and wrong in
life;

And he who thinks and acts upon his thoughts
Within the scope of reason, arms himself
With weapons none may challenge and with-
stand.

But he who grovels in iniquity,
Defies immutability of laws
That govern universal rights of man,
Forgets commands of Him who doeth all
Things well, doth shape his destiny in doom.

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

O many's the time when in youth I would
stroll

Along with boys to the old swimming hole.
O many's the time in the blistering heat
I'd wander away with the others to meet
In shade of the trees and the calm of the day
To linger awhile in some mischief and play.
And oft were the times when at call of the roll
We gathered to go to the old swimming hole.

We'd gather in bunches, and in our bare feet
Would wade through the grass that was
blooming and sweet.

How dear the remembrance when there I
would stroll,

And dear to my heart was the old swimming
hole

When first I would wander away to the pool

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

With playmates that gathered at close of the
school.

O oft were the times when at close of the poll
I'd go with the boys to the old swimming hole.

The old swimming hole, I remember so well,
'Twas down in the stream in the shades of
the dell.

The dearest of haunts was the old swimming
hole;

How oft in my youth to its bosom I stole.
O where are the boys that I romped with in
play?

And where are the friends of the youth of
my day?

O where are the boys that were jolly and
droll?

They surely are gone from the old swimming
hole.

O shall I again clasp their hands in my own
And feel the glad welcome that once I had
known?

Or, shall I again while I'm wandering o'er

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

This land of my pilgrimage see them no more?
O many's the time in the sun and the gleam
O'er meadows with boys I would stroll to the
stream.

You talk of your wealth and you talk of your
roll

But give me the days of the old swimming
hole.

THERE IS NO DEATH

The leaf has fallen from the tree,
Becomes a part of earth;
It comes again in fairer form,
Renewed in second birth.

In vapor, water rises from
The sea, descends on land;
Returns, again, from whence it came
And filters through the sand.

Man gropes his weary way through life,
He passes to the grave;
His soul, immortal, ever lives;
To earth, his body gave.

And things, material, decay;
The higher life lives on;
There is no death, man's born again,
His body, only, gone.

MORNING

The first dim light of the morning
Through mist of gray in the dawn,
Comes forth in a garb of glory
To welcome toilers of brawn.

The sun in morning shines brightly
With streams of radiant hue,
Lights up the earth with its gladness,
The sky with beautiful blue.

The air is laden with fragrance
From plants about us we see,
The early light of the morning
Brings forth its beauty for me.

The youth, whose life is so gallant,
Surmising, ventures to win,
His faith and hope are surprising,
When early morning comes in.

MORNING

Success in life he is planning,
Of fame and fortune he dreams;
His life is wondrously charming
In early morning it seems.

Thus, he who'd win in the struggle
Will start with rise of the sun,
He'll shoulder care with its burden
Before the noon has begun.

THE DOG

With wealth and honor and standing,
Your friends are seeking for you;
In sickness, poverty, sorrow,
Your friends are never so true.

The people, who're ready and willing
And prone to fall at your feet,
Are first to vex and desert you
When with reverses you meet.

Your reputation and honor,
In time unguarded by you,
May fly away in a moment
And leave you friends that are few.

There's one unselfish and faithful
That counts not gold at its worth;
He lives and stands by his master
Through all his troubles on earth.

THE DOG

He asks for nothing that's better
Than guard you day and at night;
In sickness, trouble and sorrow
For you, he's ready to fight.

He's ever ready and willing
To serve and be at your side,
Defend and follow you always
Where e'er you go or reside.

His love is true and as constant
As stars that twinkle above;
He watches over his master,
And none can question his love.

He's absolutely unselfish,
A friend that's never untrue;
If you are only a pauper,
His love is constant for you.

STORY OF A MOUSE

A little mouse said to her children at play
“I’m planning to tell you a story to-day.”

The little mice eager, and all very good,
Surrounded their mother as little mice should.

“Now, children, I’m glad your attention you’ll
give,
I’ll tell you all how I have managed to live.

“My parents were cunning and sly as could be,
They’d scamper and scamper for brother and
me.

“So kind and so good to us children were they,
They wanted us happy throughout the whole
day.

“Advice they would give us and hand it down
pat,
‘Beware of the trap and the old tommy cat.’

STORY OF A MOUSE

"I didn't think much of advice in those days,
Nor little I cared for their silly old ways.

"My father and mother were both very good,
And high in esteem with their neighbors they
stood.

"They did what they could in the giving advice,
Devised many ways for the little sly mice

"In which to escape from the snares of the day
And do as mice should while they hunted
their prey.

"Now, after some time I concluded they knew
Much better than I what their children
should do.

"Those days were then happy for brother and
me,
We'd scamper all over so gaily and free.

"O happy are mice who their parents obey,
And happy are they as they scamper and play ;

STORY OF A MOUSE

“But always remember, to keep from a scrap
You’ll have to steer clear of the cat and the
trap.”





DORBS BROS.
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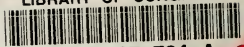
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